

Little People's Speaker

*Composed of
Recitations
Motion Songs
Holiday Exercises
Temperance and
Patriotic Pieces*

Compiled by

MRS. J. W. SHOEMAKER



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PREFACE.

A WIDELY increasing demand for short, easy recitations and declamations for the "very little ones" has caused the preparation of this book. Side by side with music, is the beautiful art of Reading, and no phase of it is more enjoyable than when the voices of the wee ones add their share to the pleasure of the social and the home circle.

This collection is not designed as a classic one, the aim having been rather to secure such pieces as would be readily understood by the children, and would at the same time interest and please them.

In addition to the various general topics, there will be found selections specially designed for the holidays and temperance occasions, together with a goodly number of motion and concert pieces, arranged under these respective headings.

Trusting the volume may meet with the favorable reception to which its merits entitle it, it is sent forth on its mission.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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LITTLE PEOPLE'S SPEAKER

A LITTLE FRENCH FOR A LITTLE GIRL

[To be recited with appropriate action.]

“‘**E**ARLY to bed and early to rise.’
So, little girlie, come shut up your eyes.”

“*Mes yeux*, that’s my eyes, will not shut up, *mon père*,
Because the old sandman has not been round there.”

Mon père is my father, and this, *couchez-vous*,
Just means, go to bed, as papa calls to you.

A huit heures, eight o’clock, should you linger, he’d say,
“*Ma fille*, that’s my daughter, *il vous faut aller*.”

“You must go;” so, my darling, come give me a kiss,
These French words, *embrasse moi*, mean just about this.

So, my girlie, go off with your mother, *ta mère*,
Who will carefully comb *tes cheveux*, that’s your hair.

She will lovingly kiss you, and say *bonne nuit*,
Or good-night, and in dreamland you quickly will be.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

X THE NEW MITTENS.

To be spoken by a little boy with his mittened hands in his pockets

YOU folks don't know what I have,
Down in my pockets deep.
I guess you'll wish that they were yours,
When I give you a peep.

They're red, and made of nice, soft wool,
As warm as kitty's hair.

[Drawing out his hands.]

Now look and see if you don't wish
You had just such a pair?

E. C. Rook

OUR PRESIDENTS.

FIRST came General Washington,
Great man and high,
Who kept his little hatchet bright.
And never told a lie.
He won us many a battle, boys,
And set our country free,
And shouldn't we be glad to get
Another such as he!

John Adams next, then Jefferson,
James Madison also,
And after them another James,
Whose name it was Monroe.

Another Adams followed him,
And then "Old Hickory" came,
Stout Andrew Jackson, stern and grim,
Of Democratic fame.

Van Buren next; then Harrison,
Who ruled a month and died,
When Tyler had to take his place,
And fill his own beside.

Then Polk, he donned his polka,
And Taylor told his taylor,
And when four years again were gone
'Twas Fillmore did prevail.

Now some will call the next our Pierce,
And some will call him Purce;
But either answers well enough
The purpose of my verse.

Buchanan next, and after him
Our Lincoln, good and great,
Who through the raging storms of war
Steered safe our ship of State.

But Lincoln's death, by murder foul,
Brought Johnson to the fore,
And after him came General Grant,
The hero of the war.

Then Hayes came, and then Garfield,
Struck down by traitor's hand,
When Arthur took the vacant place.
Now Cleveland rules the land.

Now a cheer for every President,
That ever yet has been!
And three times three, whoe'er he be,
For the next that shall be seen.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurray!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah, my boys.

For the next election day!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

A BOY'S POCKET.

MY mother says—"Empty your pocket, Jo!"

So all my treasures I s'pose must go.

She says, if I stuff it so full again,

She'll sew it up. What can I do, then?

A pocket's a handy thing, you know,

And very essential, as I could show.

I think my mother ought not to say

She'd be so bad; then, that's her way.

[He begins to take out the contents of his pocket, mentioning each article.]

This is my apple, for recess time;

It came from "auntie's," she said 'twas prime.

[Takes out knife.]

I'd like to know, what a boy could do

Without any knife; cannot tell, can you?

For pencils and rubber, a box I'll get,

And carry to school, if I don't forget;

Horse-chestnuts, cartridges, marbles, too,

With so many things, what shall I do?

This is my composition about "A Hen,"

I think I'll destroy; don't need it again;

These strings I will save, these buttons and nails,

They'll do to help out, when something else fails.

And here is a piece that came off my drum,
My pin-case, bail, and a bit of spruce gum.
See the gingerbread crumbs on my "kazoo!"
This makes good music; 'tis something new.

What is that? A doll! Well! that's none of mine,
[Looks ashamed.]

It belongs to a girl; it is not in my line.
That's some of May's work, I know full well;
Sha'n't tell her I found it, and don't you tell.
[Pulls out the pocket.]

I feel quite sure, that is empty, now;
What a sight it held! I can hardly see how.
A schoolboy's pocket, elastic must be,
That's why it will hold so much, you see.

THE LOVING LITTLE GIRL.

IF other little girls can speak,
I think that I can, too.
So I'll just-tell you whom I love;
I hope you'll hear me through.

I love my papa and mamma,
My sisters and my brothers,
And then I love old Santa Claus,
And many, many others.

I can't say all their names to-day,
'Twould take too long, I fear,
But just this many, I will say,
I love all who are here.

E. C. Rook.

BUY MY DOLLS.

[The little speaker may be holding a small basket containing dolls of different sizes.]

COME buy my dolls, my pretty dolls;
Come buy my dolls, I pray;
I've such a heap,
And I sell so cheap,
I almost give them away.

I've waxen dolls, and china dolls;
And dollies made of gum.
Some are small,
And some are tall,
Some talk, and some are dumb.

Bald head dolls, and dolls with hair,
All beauties in their way—
So very nice,
So low the price,
Please buy my dolls to-day.

Laughing dolls, and crying dolls;
Dolls of various ages;
Infant dolls,
And lady dolls,
Dolls in all the stages.

Go where you may you will not find
Such bargains as are these;
Make my heart light,
Buy them to-night,
To grace your Christmas trees.

DON'T.

I BELIEVE, if there is one word that grown-up folks are more fond of using to us little folks, than any other word in the big dictionary, it is the word D-o-n-t.

It is all the time "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," and "Don't do the other," until I am sometimes afraid there will be nothing left that we can do.

Why, for years and years and years, ever since I was a tiny little tot, this word "Don't" has been my torment. It's "Lizzie, don't make a noise, you disturb me," and "Lizzie, don't eat so much candy, it will make you sick," and "Lizzie, don't be so idle," and "Don't talk so much," and "Don't soil your clothes," and "Don't" everything else. One day I thought I'd count how many times I was told not to do things! Just think! I counted twenty-three "don'ts," and I think I missed two or three little ones besides.

But now it is my turn. I have got a chance to talk, and I'm going to tell some of the big people when to Don't! That is what my piece is about. First, I shall tell the papas and mammas—Don't scold the children, just because you have been at a party the night before, and so feel cross and tired. Second, Don't fret and make wrinkles in your faces, over things that cannot be helped. I think fretting spoils big folks just as much as it does us little people. Third, Don't forget where you put your scissors, and then say you s'pose the children have taken them. Oh! I could tell you ever so many "don'ts," but I think I'll only say one more, and that is—Don't think I mean to be saucy, because all these don'ts are in my piece, and I had to say them.

E. C. ROOK.

A POOR LITTLE MOTHER.

ONCE a little lady dressed in black and red,
Tucked her little children safely in their bed ;
A green leaf curling over was all the roof they had,
But the softly sighing breezes and the sunshine made
them glad.

Off flew the little mother through the pleasant summer
air ;

She never thought of danger, nor felt a single care.
A grassy glade, a hilltop, and then a field of clover,
This little dame in black and red went flying gayly
over.

But in a pretty garden, where grew a red, red rose,
The little lady lighted to nestle and repose :
As soft as fairy velvet, and oh, so red and sweet
Were the fragrant leaves around her and underneath
her feet.

Out tripped a merry maiden along the garden gay,
The red, red rose to gather, to the little dame's dismay,
She drowsily came creeping from out sweet roseleaf land,
And stood a moment thinking on the merry maiden's
hand.

The little maid laughed softly, she was so full of glee,
Held up her dimpled finger, and clear and loud called
she :

"Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home, your house is on
fire, and your children will burn !"

Off flew that little mother in terror wild and dread
Across the hill and grassy glade and field of clover red.

Her little wings were aching, her anxious spirit drooped,
When at the tiny portal in breathless fear she stooped—
There lay her little children all snugly tucked in bed,
Yes, safe and sound, and sleeping, with the green leaf
overhead !

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

THE BURIAL OF THE CAT.

COMING home from my office,
Early one autumn day,
I seated myself in the garden,
To while an hour away.

I watched the falling harvest leaves,
Crimson, gold, and brown,
Like the ghosts of the vanished summer
Whirling and drifting down.

But soon I was roused from my musing
By the patter of little feet,
And the sound of familiar voices
Singing low and sweet,

“ I want to be an angel ”
(Tommy, take hold of my hand ;
Kitty, don't walk so fast, I say),
“ And with the angels stand.”

I saw through the hedge that hid me,
Standing solemn and still,
Four little black-robed figures,—
Tom, Alice, Kate, and Will.

I thought that the priest's black toga
Looked strangely familiar to me,
And in the gown the sexton wore
My Sunday coat I could see.

The priest in the silken gown,
Stood by the starch-box—coffin, I mean,—
And from the solemn sermon
These were the words I could glean :

“ Tab was a very good cat,
Allus caught lots of rats and mice,
We're awful sorry she's dead,
She was so good and nice.

“ She never scratched like Malta,
I think she was twenty-seven ;
She was so good and gentle,
I guess she's gone to heaven.”

Then I heard the coffin lowered,
And the sound of those that wept ;
“ Dirt to dirt,” was spoken,
And away the procession swept.

Let them trail the silks and broadcloth,
For mother has gone away ;
Cats that are “ twenty-seven ”
Aren't buried every day.

Silks always can be purchased,
And broadcloths, rich and rare,
But the years in store for the children
Will never be free from care.

So leave their joys unbroken,
Disturb not their happy play ;
May no sorrow come to the golden heads,
For many a long, bright day.
R. K. HUTCHINSON.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

MAMMA said, " Little one, go and see
If Grandma's ready to come to tea."
I knew I mustn't disturb her. so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep,
And there was Grandmother fast asleep !

I knew it was time for her to wake ;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call ;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise,
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her, on her cheek,
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this :
" Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said, "Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face,"
She pointed right at the very place!

I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THINGS THAT I DO NOT LIKE TO SEE.

A LITTLE boy or girl coming late to school,
Failing in his lessons, breaking every rule,
Whispering to his neighbor, slamming hard the door,
Walking with a heavy step on the school-room floor,—
Dropping slate and pencil, lounging in his seat,
Drumming with his fingers, kicking with his feet,
Slyly pinching Willie, pulling Johnny's hair,
Gazing out the window with a vacant stare,
Making ugly faces, telling ugly tales,
'Throwing little spit-balls, biting finger nails,
Grumbling at the lessons, studying them aloud,
Looking black, if noticed, as a thunder-cloud,
Muttering at the teacher in an undertone,
Borrowing sponge and pencil, careless of his own,
Forgetting to return them, neglecting to replace,
Always finding some excuse—ever in disgrace,
Creating a confusion wherever he may be—
Are just a few of many things I do not like to see.

L. J. ROOK.

THE LITTLE ONE'S SPEECH.

I AM only four years old,
Yet I can speak a piece ;
I'll tell you what we have at home—
Some chickens, ducks and geese,
Our nice, big turkey we will kill,
To put upon the table ;
And then on Christmas day, I'll eat
As much as I am able.
My grandma's calling me, I think,
So I must say "good-bye."
I guess she has some cake for me,
Or else a piece of pie.

I WANT MAMMA.

DOWN from the hill, up from the glen,
With waving flags and warlike din,
They rushed—two troops of mounted men—
The boys in blue, the boys in gray ;
And they had almost met that day,
When, lo ! a child stood in the way.
Its hands were filled with flow'rs ; its eyes,
As clear and soft as summer skies,
Were opened wide in grave surprise.
Upon the pretty baby head
The sun a golden blessing shed,
"I want mamma," the sweet voice said.

Both captains shouted, "Halt!" The men
Reined in their eager steeds, and then
The blue leaped down and up again,

And galloping like mad, he bore
The child he grasped a mile or more
Back to its mother's cottage door.

Loud rose the cheers from blue and gray
As smilingly they turned away :
There was no battle fought that day!

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

A BOY don't have much comfort in life anyway, when the grown folks begin to get after him! A boy has an awful lot of work to do. There is going errands—that's about the hardest and longest job in the world. It's astonishing the time it takes to go an errand. Now, when I'm sent to the neighbors' for yeast, it seems as though it would take all day. I can't exactly explain it, but there are such a lot of things coming up in the way all the time. First there's a chippe on the telegraph wire, sometimes I pick up nearly a ton of stones to throw at a chippe, but he won't fly away. Seems as he was stuffed, and glued on, he stays and stays there, and I can't hit him. Of course that takes time. Then if another fellow goes with me that takes more time. Did you ever notice it takes two boys longer to go an errand than it does one. That's because two boys see more things to stop for than one does.

My mother says she wishes I would find some way to get over the ground quicker, so I've been trying to find a way, and I think I've found it. Do you know how to make a "cart-wheel"? Well, I won't show you here, but you just go along with hands and feet over and over sideways like a wheel. I'm getting it down fine so I can go pretty fast, and beat Tommy Jones all to pieces; it's fun too, I tell you. Nothing for a boy like combining business and pleasure; for a boy don't have many comforts.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'M going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Green, one day,
"Then I can do just what I choose,
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face, or comb my hair,
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere;
And never have again to fill
That old chip basket—so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said—"good-bye!"
He thought his mother then would cry,
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed a single tear.
"There, now!" said Sammie Green, "I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip basket—so she will."

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."

And Sammie's little sister Kate
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said, anxiously, as he passed thro' :
" To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper-time on top of bread ?"

One block from home, and Sammie Green's
Weak little heart was full of fear,
He thought about " Red-Riding Hood ;"
The wolf that met her in the wood :
The bean-stalk boy, who kept so mum,
When he heard the giant's " Fee, fa, fum ;"
Of the dark night and the policeman,
Then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick thro' the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in thro' the old wood-shed,
The big chip-basket he did fill ;
He blacked his shoes up with a will ;
He washed his face and combed his hair,
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice, and then he said :
" I'd like some 'lasses top of bread !"

HANDS AND FINGERS.

[To be recited with appropriate gestures.]

TWO little hands, so soft and white,
This is the left and this the right,
Five little fingers standing on each,
So I can hold a plum or peach.
When I get as big as you,
Lots of things these hands will do.

LITTLE KITTY.

[To be recited with appropriate action.]

ONCE there was a little kitty,
Whiter than snow ;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro ;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe ;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row ;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried, " Oh !"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

Kitty White so shyly comes,
To catch the mousie Gray ;
But mousie hears her softly **step**,
And quickly runs away.

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

[For a very little boy.]

I AM just a little fellow, and I can't say much. My speech is this: I am glad I am a boy! I had rather be a boy than a girl, or anything. Boys have good times. They can swim and skate and coast, ride horseback, climb trees, play hop toad, make cartwheels of themselves, and slide down the banisters; and most girls can't. I wouldn't be a girl—no—not if you'd give me the best jack-knife in the world!

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

[Lines written for Edward Everett, when a child.]

PRAY, how should I, a little lad,
In speaking make a figure?

You're only joking, I'm afraid,—
Do wait till I am bigger.

But, since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

I'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan-colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.

Said Neighbor Joe to Farmer John,
“Aren't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir?”

Said Farmer John to Neighbor Joe,
 " I bring my little roan up,
 Not for the good he now can do,
 But will do when he's grown up."

The moral you can well espy,
 To keep the tale from spoiling ;
 The little colt, you think, is I,—
 I know it by you smiling.

And now my friends, please to excuse
 My lisping and my stammers ;
 I, for this once, have done my best,
 And so—I'll make my manners.
 THADDEUS MASON HARRIS

WATCHING FOR CRUMBS.

O s'an't have my bwed an' butter !
 Now just go away !
 Mamma fed 'oo plenty dinner—
 Two, free times to-day.
 I won't mate a bit of litter—
 Not a single cwumb—
 Eat it all myse'f ole wooster !
 So 'oo needn't come !

Allus watchin' for my bekfus,
 'Oo ole kopple-head !
 Once 'oo picked my 'ittle finger
 So it almost bled.

I will feed my baby chittens—

Darling, downy sings—

'Ey can't fly at me an' hurt me,

'Cause 'ey dot no wings.

Go wite off—I don't bit lite 'oo,

'Cause 'oo allus keep

Cwowin' cwvy single mornin'

When I want to s'leep.

'Oo'd keep 'till so vewy early,

If 'oo was polite !

Mamma said, when I once asked her,

S'e s'ould sink 'oo might.

Disag'eeable ole fellow !

Don't 'oo hear me ? Say !

If 'oo don't go 'bout 'oor business,

I will find Dog Tway.

I won't mate a bit of litter—

Not a single cwumb—

Eat it all myse'f, ole wooster !

So 'oo needn't come !

WHAT I THINK.

I THINK that every mother's son,

And every father's daughter,

Should drink, at least till twenty-one,

Just nothing but cold water ;

And after that they might drink tea,

But nothing any stronger ;

If all folks would agree with me,

They'd live a great deal longer.

HARRY'S ARITHMETIC.

(For a little boy, holding in his hand a slate and pencil.)

I'M glad I have a good-sized slate,
 With lots of room to calculate.
 Bring on your sums! I'm ready now;
 My slate is clean, and I know how.
 But don't you ask me to subtract,
 I like to have my slate well packed;
 And only two long rows, you know,
 Make such a miserable show;
 And, please, don't bring me sums to add;
 Well, multiplying's just as bad;
 And, say! I'd rather not divide—
 Bring me something I haven't tried!

—*St. Nicholas.*

GARFIELD AT CHATTANOOGA.

I SEE bold Longstreet's darkening host
 Sweep through our lines of flame,
 And hear again, "The right is lost!"
 Swart Rosecrans exclaim.
 "But not the left," brave Garfield cries;
 "From that we must not sever,
 While Thomas holds the field that lies
 On Chickamauga river!"

Through tongues of flame, through meadows brown,
 Dry valley roads concealed,
 Ohio's hero dashes down
 Upon the rebel field.

And swift, on reeling charger borne,
 He threads the wooden plain,
 By twice an hundred cannon mown,
 And reddened with the slain.

But past the swaths of carnage dire,
 The Union guns he hears,
 And gains the left, begirt with fire,
 And thus he loudly cheers—
 “While stands the left, yon flag o’erhead,
 Shall Chattanooga stand!”
 “Let the Napoleons rain their lead!”
 Was Thomas’s command.

Back swept the gray brigades of Bragg,
 The air with victory rung,
 And Wurzel’s “Rally round the flag!”
 ‘Mid Union cheers was sung.
 The flag on Chattanooga’s height
 In twilight’s crimson waved,
 And all the clustered stars of white
 Were to the Union saved.—*Boston Transcript*

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE chick one day
 Asked leave to go on the water,
 Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
 Swimming and splashing about her.

“Indeed,” she began to peep and cry,
 When her mother wouldn’t let her,
 “If the ducks can swim there, why can’t I?”
 Are they any bigger or better?”

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking ;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And, as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered, lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder,
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know,
What you will do well for heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother ;
And any part that is acted well,
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing :
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going.

PHCEBE CARY.

HARRY'S LECTURE.

[To be spoken, very loud.]

"CHILDREN should be seen and not heard," at least so my mother often tells me. But to-day the children are to be heard as well as seen. Just as I stepped up here to speak my piece, my teacher whispered, "Now, Harry, speak very loud." And that is what I am trying to do. Can you hear me? I am going to give a little lecture to the boys, and I want to be heard.

Never mind what it is about. You will find that out before I am half through.

And now for my firstly: Do you want to know how to be happy all day, boys?

Let me tell you. When you get up in the morning, don't forget to slip on your "good-natured coat" before you go down stairs. You all have one, haven't you? And then you won't care if everybody is done breakfast and the buckwheats are cold.

Secondly. When everything goes wrong at home, at school, or in the street, and you think you have enough trouble to put any boy in a bad humor, then [slowly] you may depend upon it, boys, some one is trying to rob you of your "good-natured coat." But don't let it go. Hold on to it with a tight grip, and when you feel it settling firmly back into its place, oh, my! how jolly you will feel.

Thirdly. I have found out, boys, that it pays to wear this coat. And the beauty of it is, you can wear it in all kinds of weather. It is just as useful on a

stormy day as on a fair, sunshiny one. Indeed, it often makes a dull, cloudy day seem very bright and golden.

And now, lastly :

Be good-natured, always. Put cross people in a good humor by being pleasant and cheerful. Give a smile for a frown, a gentle word for a cross one ; and this you can do if you are careful to put on your good-natured coat as soon as you arise in the morning, and to wear it all day and in all kinds of weather.

L. J. Rook.

LITTLE THINGS.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell ;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny—
It was all I had to give ;
But, as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys ; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare ;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
 Though the gift be poor and small;
 What doth He think of His children
 When they never give at all?

A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

[With three dolls arranged in a row on chairs.]

MELINDA JANE, and Kate, and Nell,
 It's time you learned to read and spell.
 Come, now, and say your A, B, C.
 Hold up your heads, and look at me,
 For, if you never learn to read,
 What stupid dolls you'll be, indeed!

All ready now: A, B, and C—
 What is the matter? Oh dear me!
 I cannot hear one word you say!
 Why, Katy dear, don't turn away:
 Sit up again and listen—there!
 She's fast asleep, I do declare!

Well, never mind, where's grandpa's cane?
 Now look at me, Melinda Jane,
 You needn't think that this is play;
 For I shall keep you here all day,
 And make you read before you go:
 I know what's good for dollies,—so!

Now say A, B—Look this way, Nell:
 You speak so low, I can't just tell.
 Melinda Jane, why don't you try?
 Oh dear! I'm tired enough to cry!
 I think I'll stop, and go to play,
 And try again some other day.

DOLL ROSY'S BATH.

[An action recitation. in which the little girl should have a doll, which she attempts to wash.]

TIS time Doll Rosy had a bath,
 And she'll be good, I hope;
 She likes the water well enough,
 But doesn't like the soap.

Now soft I'll rub her with a sponge,
 Her eyes and nos and ears,
 And splash her fingers in the bowl
 And never mind the tears.

There now—oh, my! what have I done?
 I've washed the skin off—see!
 Her pretty pink and white are gone
 Entirely! oh, dear me!

A SAD CASE.

I'M a poor little kitty,
 And alas! when born, so pretty
 That the morning I was found,
 Instead of being drowned,
 I was saved to be the toy
 Of a dreadful baby-boy,
 Who pinches and who pokes me,
 Holds me by my throat and chokes me,
 And when I could vainly try
 From his cruel clutch to fly,
 Grabs my tail, and pulls so hard
 That some day, upon my word!

I am sure 'twill broken be,
 And then everybody'll see
 Such a looking Kitty!

That baby has no pity!
 Thinks I'm "only a kitty"—
 I won't stand it, nor would you!
 'Tis no use to cry out m-e-w!
 Listen! Some day I shall scratch,
 And he'll find he's met his match,
 That within my little paws
 There are ever so many claws!
 And it won't be very long,
 If this sort of thing goes on,
 Till there'll be a kitten row
 Such as has not been till now;
 Then, my lad, there will be found,
 Left upon that battle-ground,
 Such a looking Baby!

CLARA D. BATES.

AN EGG A CHICKEN.

"A N egg a chicken! Don't tell me!
 For didn't I break an egg to see?
 There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
 With a bit of mucilage round it all—
 Neither beak nor bill,
 Nor toe nor quill,
 Not even a feather
 To hold it together;
 Not a sign of life could any one see.
 An egg a chicken? You can't fool me!

"An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick
Up the very shell that had held the chick—
So they said?—and didn't I work half a day
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?

Let me try as I please,
With squeeze upon squeeze,
There is scarce space to meet
His head and his feet.

No room for any of the rest of him—so
That egg never held that chicken, I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mothers can!
Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round:
'Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this
sound?'

Faint and low, tap, tap;
Soft and slow, rap, rap;
Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.

"Here it peep, inside there!" cried Tom, with a shout;
"How did it get in, and how can it get out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell.
Mamma smiled and said, "All's well that ends well
Be patient awhile yet my boy." Click, click,
And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.

No room had it lacked,
Though snug it was packed,
There it was all complete,
From its head to its feet.

The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,
And so big—why, the shell wasn't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle, "Mamma, now I see
That an egg is a chicken—though the how beats me,
An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and declare,
Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof of it there.

Nobody can tell
How it came in that shell;
Once out all in vain
Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine,
As much as that of the water and wine."

—*Youth's Companion.*

DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best, your very best,
And do it every day.
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home, or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow bright to-morrow.

SMALL DRESS-MAKING.

[The little girl may be holding a dolly's dress, at which she is working.]

MAKING dolly's dresses,
 Don't you think it's fun?
 Here is one already,
 This I've just begun.
 Oh, how many stitches!
 And such tangly thread!
 When I pricked my finger
 I just guess it bled.
 There! the needle's broken—
 Bending all about—
 That's a sign my dolly'll
 Wear the dresses out.

— *Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE BOY'S WONDER.

I WONDER, oh! I wonder what makes ve sun go
 wound;
 I wonder what can make ve fowers tum popin' from ve
 gwound.
 I wonder if my mamma loves Billy mor'n me;
 I wonder if I'd beat a bear a-climbin' up a twee;
 I wonder how ve angels 'member everybody's pwayers,
 I wonder if I didn't leave my sandwich on ve stairs,
 I wonder what my teacher meant about "a twuthful
 heart;"
 I guess 'tis finkin' untul Jack will surely bring my
 cart.

I'm sure it makes me awful sick
To study this arithmetic.
I guess I'll lay my card away,
And think it out some other day.

I'm sure I cannot learn to add—
The figures mix so very bad :
I have no talent in that line—
To 'rithmetic I don't incline.

I'd rather stand and speak a speech,
Or take a text and preach.
I am too young to study hard,
And bother o'er this figure card.

(Rises and speaks.)

But men and girls and little boys
Just hear me speak and make a noise.
I know I'm very small in size,
But I think in time I'll surely rise.

Before the people I will stand,
And be a speaker great and grand ;
I'll make a bow and stand up straight—
This world I will illuminate.

I'll run for sheriff, too, I guess,
And onward, upward I will press ;
To Washington I may be sent,
And, maybe, I'll be President.

Large trees from little acorns grow,
Smart men from speaking boys do grow.
And now, my friends, I've said my say,
And so I'll bow and go away.

CITY OR COUNTRY.

—
WHEN I'm a little city girl,
Each day, in pleasant weather,
I dress myself all in my best—
My big white hat and feather.

My pretty Mother Hubbard cloak,
And boots and gloves all neat,
And with my silken parasol
Go walking down the street.

I fold my hands together, so,
And turn my toes quite out ;
Mamma says little girls should not
Be gazing all about.

And if I run and jump, you know,
My hair gets out of curl ;
So quietly I take my walk,
When I'm a city girl.

—
When I'm a little country girl,
Up almost with the sun,
I take my old straw hat, and out
Into the grass I run.

No gloves, no parasol, no hat,
(It comes right off, you know,)
And no one near to see how fast
Across the fields I go.

No need to think about my dress,
Or care for crimp or curl ;
I run and play the livelong day
When I'm a country girl.

Oh, yes, the city suits mamma,
And sisters and the rest,
But tell me, tell me truly, which
You think I like the best.

HARRY'S MISTAKE.

GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think ;
Harry was sly and quick as a wink ;
He climbed in the back of her great arm-chair,
And nestled himself very snugly there.
Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
And quick this little fact came to his sight ;
A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
And woke with a start to find Harry there.
"Why, what are you doing, my child ?" she said.
He answered, "I's pullin' a bastin'-fread !"

A LITTLE GIRL'S HOPES.

WHILE I'm in the ones, I can frolic all day ;
I can laugh, I can jump, I can run about and
play,
But when I'm in the tens, I must get up with the lark,
And sew and read and practice, from early morn till
dark.

When I'm in the twenties, I'll be like sister Joe ;
I'll wear the sweetest dresses (and, maybe, have a beau) ;
I'll go to balls and parties and wear my hair up high ;
And not a girl in all the town will be as gay as I.

When I am in the thirties, I'll be just like mamma ;
And, maybe, I'll be married to a splendid big papa ;
I'll cook and bake, and mend, and mind, and grow a
little fat—

But mother is so sweet and nice, I'll not object to that.

Oh, what comes after thirty ; The forties ! Mercy my !
When I grow old as forty, I think I'll have to die.
But like enough the world won't last until we see that
day ;—

It's so very, very, very, very far away !

JOHN'S PUMPKIN.

LAST spring I found a pumpkin seed,
And thought that I would go,
And plant it in a secret place,
That no one else would know,
And watch all summer long to see
It grow, and grow, and grow,
And maybe raise a pumpkin for
A Jack-a-lantern show.

I stuck a stick beside the seed,
And thought that I should shout,
One morning when I stooped and saw
The greenest little sprout !

I used to carry water there,
When no one was about,
And every day I'd count to see
How many leaves were out.

Till, by and by there came a flower
The color of the sun,
Which withered up, and then I saw
The pumpkin was begun ;
But oh ! I knew I'd have to wait
So long to have my fun,
Before that small green ball could be
A great big yellow one.

At last, one day, when it had grown,
To be the proper size,
Said Aunt Matilda : " John, see here,
I'll give you a surprise !"
She took me to a pantry shelf,
And there, before my eyes,
Was set a dreadful row of half
A dozen pumpkin pies.

Said Aunt Matilda : " John, I found
A pumpkin, high and dry,
Upon a pile of rubbish, down
Behind that worn-out sty !"
O, dear, I didn't cry, because
I'm quite too big to cry,
But honestly, I couldn't eat
A mouthful of the pie.

MRS. ARCHIBALD.

FOR DECORATION-DAY.

LET little hands bring blossoms sweet
 To brave men, lying low ;
 Let little hearts to soldiers dead
 Their love and honor show.

We'll love the flag they loved so well,
 The dear old banner bright,
 We'll love the land for which they fell
 With soul, and strength, and might !

S. M. KNIEL.

THE STAGNANT.

WE mustn't go near the pond, sissy,
 'Cos there's something—I don't know what—
 there,
 But I heard mamma talking about it :
 It isn't exactly a bear,—
 But a stagnant, I think mamma called it ;
 And she says she's afraid every day
 To live by the Park any longer,
 And she wishes they'd take it away.

“ I never have seen a real stagnant,
 But I guess it has teeth and would bite ;
 But don't be afraid, little sissy,
 Because if it comes, I will fight.
 I'd be glad to see just what it looks like,
 But I don't want to get very near,
 'Cos it might make a spring of a sudden !
 —I guess we had better stop here,

And sit down on one of the benches.

Now don't make a noise ;—just keep mum !
**And don't take your eyes off the water,
And we'll watch for the stagnant to come."**
—*St. Nicholas.*

EDITH'S SECRET.

HARK ! I've a secret to whisper !
Listen—but don't you tell,
'Cause it isn't mine to be giving,
And it isn't mine to sell!

I went in the orchard this morning,
To gather some clover blooms,
For the bees in the hives—so busy
They can't leave their dungeon glooms !

An' while I was there I looked up
An' saw— now don't you tell,
'Cause if Bob should hear (he's my brother)
There's nothing he'd like so well !

I saw up there in the branches,
'Most hidden by leaves an' boughs,
A wee soft nest—just the dearest
And tiniest birdie's house !

An' what do you s'pose was in it ?
I climbed up an' almost fell—
(Hush ! there comes Bob) four birds' eggs !
Remember, you mustn't tell !

J. K. LUDLUM.

A LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

“ I AM learning how to sew,” said an eager little maid ;

“ I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong ;

I’m sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly’s pretty bed,
And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.

It’s over-and-over—do you know
How over-and-over stitches go ?

“ I have begun a handkerchief : Mamma turned in the edge,

And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.

It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge ;

I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks.
you know.

And that is the way I learn to hem
With hemming stitches—do you know them ?

“ Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch,
too, I guess,

It wouldn’t take me long, I know, if ’twasn’t for the thread ;

But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—

Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead !

When your thread knots, what do you do ?
And does it turn all brownish, too ?

" My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high ;

He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black :

Well, he can't sew ! he can't begin to sew as well as I.

If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back !

You mustn't think me proud, you know,

But I am seven, and I can sew !"

—*St. Nicholas.*

BOYS' RIGHTS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

If you will give me your attention, I will speak to you a few minutes about boys' rights. People seem to think that a boy is only to make himself useful. If a shower comes up while the family is at church, a boy can just run home through the pouring rain and bring half a dozen umbrellas back with him. "Rain," they say, "is good for boys—it makes them grow." But let that same boy suggest on Tuesday, if it happens to be a rainy day, that he would like to go fishing, and at once he hears from all sides, "O, no ; you will catch your death cold. Stay at home and work in the garden !" Now, what I want to know is : Why it isn't just as dangerous for a boy to get soaking wet working in the garden on a rainy day as to go fishing.

I think boys are entitled to their share of room in the world, but they don't get it. If a boy happens to get a good place where he can see the parade, some big man comes along and crowds him out of it. If he spends his last cent for a good whistle, and thinks he is going to have a fine time with it, wakes up some

morning and finds it missing, "because it makes so much noise, no one could endure it." Now, I'd like to have a fiddle and a drum and an accordion and a bagpipe, and invite the boys to come and have a grand concert once in awhile, but I'd get sent out in the street quick if I should try it once.

But I shall be a man some day, and I'll make things right. Boys will have a good time then, I tell you. It seems as though I should never grow up—but I shall, and then I'm going to be the biggest kind of an advocate for boys' rights.

CAW! CAW! CAW!

[The effect is very comical if the "Caws" are well mimicked.]

CAW! caw! caw!
I am a poor old crow!

And I just want to know

Why you treat us with cruelty and scorn?

Caw! caw! caw!

Why you shoot us with a gun,

And seem to think it fun,

If we just take a grain or two of corn?

Caw! caw! caw!

Yet you'll make it into drink,

Which does more harm, I think,

Than all the crows that ever flew in air;

Caw! caw! caw!

For it blights where'er it flows,

Killing men instead of crows,

Then why not eat, and let us have a share?

Caw! caw! caw!

EDWARD CARSWELL.

BOB AND THE BIBLE.

“**A**ND why,” said Bob, with a scornful look,
“Should I study the Bible, that stupid book?”

“Because,” said his teacher, gentle and sweet,
“’Tis a lamp to thy path and a light to thy feet.

“Without it, we stumble and heedlessly tread,
Not knowing that heaven is just ahead.

“Not knowing that Love and Mercy stand,
To guide our feet to the better land.

“The Bible lights up our darkness, you *see*,
And opens the kingdom to you and me.”

Said Bob, “It’s all very true. maybe,
But too awfully nice for a boy like me.”

“But, Bob, it has lessons and stories, too,
Just the thing for a boy like you !

“Stories of wars, and fighting men,
Of Daniel shut in the lions’ den :

“Of prophets braving a nation’s ire,
Of men cast into a furnace of fire ;

“Of ships and storms, and journeys afar,
Of shepherd lads, and a wonderful star ;

“Stories of gardens, and stories of beasts,
Of fires and floods, and wedding feasts ;

“Stories of soldiers, and judges, and kings ;
The Bible has many wonderful things.”

“Now, that sounds something like,” said he ;
“I guess I’ll read it a little, and see.”

“OLD SPECKLE.”

“**O**LD Speckle” rose from off her nest
And cackled with much vigor,
As if to say: “That egg’s my best—
No hen can lay a bigger;”
While Johnnie, standing near the gate,
In mute contempt was gazing,
As if he could not tolerate
The fuss the hen was raising.
His protest took her down a peg—
He raised his voice to say it:
“You fink you’re smart—Dod made zat egg—
You toodn’t help but lay it.”

A LITTLE BOY'S FIRST RECITATION.

I THINK it’s not an easy task
To speak a piece in school,
But still I do not wish to ask
To be excused the rule.

For little boys must some day take
The places of the men,
And if they would good speakers make,
Must try and try again.

This be our motto; and now here
I’ll close my little rhyme,
Hoping should I again appear,
To better do next time.

CROSS BETSY.

SHE does not live at my house, O dear no!
She only comes to see us now and then,
We're always very pleased to have her go,
And we never say "Dear Betsy, come again."

She's such tangles in her curls, O dear me!
And a little foot to stamp upon the floor,
And such frowning eyes I'd never wish to see,
And when she comes she always slams the door.

Such a pouty mouth and such a naughty nose,
And she shakes poor Arabella dreadfully,
(That's her dolly) and she tears her pretty clothes,
O how glad I am she don't belong to me.

There's a girlie whom I've loved this many a day,
She's the darling and the sunshine of the house,
But Cross Betsy always frightens her away,
She goes hiding like a timid little mouse.

But when Betsy packs her frowns and says adieu,
Bessie Brighteyes enters smiling at the door,
"Mamma darling, I've come back to stay with you,
And I'll never, never leave you any more!"

SARAH M. CHATFIELD.

SPEECH FOR A VERY LITTLE BOY.

I'M a Temperance boy!
See my ribbon blue!
Don't you think it's pretty?
Then you wear one, too!

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing, as long as her eyes could see ;
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, " Dear work, good-night, good-night !"

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying, " Caw ! caw !" on their way to bed ;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things, good-night, good-night !"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's bleat ! bleat ! came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
" Good little girl, good-night, good-night !"

She did not say to the sun, " Good-night !"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light ;
For she knew, he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more, till again it was day ;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
" Good-morning ! good-morning ! our work is begun !"

LORD HOUGHTON.

FARMER NICK'S SCARECROW.

OUT in the cornfield, grouped together,
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty Farmer Nick
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true ;
Now, would not that old umbrella do ?"

So into the house the farmer went,
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the cornfields lying about ;

He neared the umbrella ; looked inside ;
And what he saw made him laugh till he cried !

For in there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled together !

So the farmer, laughing as farmers should,
Said, "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

NORA E. CROSBY.

THE GRUMBLER.

His Youth.

HIS cap was too thick, and his coat was too thin :
He couldn't be quiet ; he hated a din ;
He hated to write, and he hated to read ;
He was certainly very much injured indeed ;

He must study and toil over work he detested ;
His parents were strict, and he never was rested ;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

His Maturity.

His farm was too small, and his taxes too big ;
He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig ;
His wife was too silly, his children too rude,
And just because he was uncommonly good !
He hadn't got money enough and to spare ;
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear ;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

His Old Age.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears ,
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years ;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
His home and his children, his life's little day ;
But alas ! 'tis too late ! it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray.
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be,
There is no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

DORA READ GOODALE.

THE FIRST LETTER.

“**D**ID you ever get a letter ?
I did the other day.
It was in a real envelope,
And it came, a long, long way.

“ A stamp was in the corner
And some printing when it came,
And the one that wrote the letter
Had put ‘ Miss ’ before my name.

“ Then there came a lot more written,
I forget now what it read,
But it told the office people
Where I lived, my mamma said.

“ Don’t you s’pose those letter-persons,
If they hadn’t just been told,
Would have thought ’twas for a lady
Who was awful, awful old ?

“ For it looked real big and heavy,
The outside was stuck with glue,
So they couldn’t know I’m little,
I don’t think they could. Do you ?”
— *Youth’s Companion.*

THE CHILD'S WONDER.

[For a little girl.]

WHAT makes it night ? I want to go
‘ Way off ’ behind the sky and see.
The world’s as round as it can be,
Somebody told me, so I know.

Yon yellow Moon, how bright you are ?
Have all the stars been put to bed ?
And is it true, as nurse said,
That you’re the baby-stars’ mamma ?

And are they sometimes naughty too ?

I cried a little bit to-day ;

The tears would come—where do they stay,
When people's eyes won't let them through ?

My dolly's in the grass out there,

Be quiet, Wind ! you rustle so,

I'm 'fraid you'll wake her up, you know.
Please hush, dear Wind !—I wonder where

That four-leafed clover is that grew

Down by the fence this afternoon.

I'm four years old, too. Tell me, Moon,
When shall I be as old as you ?

The clocks are striking in the town.

Oh, dear ! I haven't said my prayers.

The little birds, I think, sing theirs—
I heard them when the sun went down.

Where did it go, and why ? Some day

I'll know a great deal more, I guess,

When I'm not so sleepy. Yes,
Mamma, I'm coming right away.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

MAMMA'S HELP.

“YES, Bridget has gone to 'the city,
And papa is sick as you see,

And mamma has no one to help her

But two-year old Lawrence and me.

“You'd like to know what I am good for,

'Cept to make work and tumble things down ;

I guess there aren't no little girlyes

At your house at home, Dr. Brown.

‘I’ve brushed all the crumbs from the table,
 And dusted the sofa and chairs,
 ‘ve polished the hearthstone and fender,
 And swept off the area stairs.

‘I’ve wiped all the silver and china,
 And just dropped one piece on the floor ;
 Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle,
 But I ’spect it was cracked before.

“And the steps that I save precious mamma !
 You’d be s’prised, Doctor Brown, if you knew.
 She says if it wasn’t for Bessie
 She couldn’t exist the day through !

“It’s ‘Bessie, bring papa some water !’
 And ‘Bessie dear, run to the door !’
 And ‘Bessie love, pick up the playthings
 The baby has dropped on the floor !’

“Yes, Doctor, I’m ’siderably tired,
 I’ve been on my feet all the day ;
 Good-bye ! well, perhaps I will help you
 When your old Bridget ‘goes off to stay !’

HOW TWO BIRDIES KEPT HOUSE IN A SHOE

THE morning was sunshiny, lovely, and clear,
 And two little wrens were both hovering near,
 Chirping and warbling with wonderful zest,
 Looking for some place to build them a nest.

They searched the veranda, examined the trees,
 But never a place could they find that would please ;
 Till Mabel, whose eyes were as blue as the sky,
 And very observing, their trouble did spy.

Then, quick as the thought darted through her wee head,

"I'll help you dear birdies," she lispingly said ;
"You just wait a minute, I'll give you my shoe ;
'Twill make you a nice nest—as good as if new."

With much toil and trouble she undid the knot,
Took off the small shoe, and picked out a spot
Behind a large pillar ; there tucked it away ;
And soon she forgot it in innocent play.

But the wrens chirped, "Why, here's a nest ready-made,
In the very best place, too, and quite in the shade !"
They went to work quickly, without more ado,
To keep house like the woman "that lived in a shoe."

When evening shades came, at the close of the day,
And dear little Mabel was tired of play,
She thought of the birdies, and went off alone,
To see, if she could, what the birdies had done.

With heads under their wings the wrens were asleep ;
Side by side, in the shoe, they were cuddled down deep ,
Then, clapping her hands, Mabel said, "Keep my shoes ;
My new ones I'll wear, and this one's for you."

"BOB WHITE."

WHOSE voice is that that wakes me from sleep
As soon as the day begins to peep—
Now under the wall, and now in the hay,
Now in the meadow piping away ?
Why, that's "Bob White."

He seems as fond of his common name
As humans who've attained to fame ;
But he isn't conceited, not a mite,
Though he wakes us up before 'tis light
To call "Bob White."

Our Robert has just two notes, that's all ;
But many a bird might envy his call,
So rich and full, so joyous and free ;
For a matin singer there's none to me
Like dear "Bob White."

"Wake up !" we hear from among the sheaves,
"There is work to do, and old Time leaves
The laggard and lazy on the way ;
The best time for work is this very day,
And I'm 'Bob White.' "

Let me give you a warning, Robert, dear—
A man with a gun is drawing near ;
He wants a quail to put on his toast,
Or else a nice tid-bit for a roast !
Fly away, "Bob White."

Ha ! ha ! ne's off ! and the gun goes down.
You think yourself smart, my man from town ;
But your toast will wait, and your oven cool,
I know one bird who is not a fool.
And that's "Bob White."
ELEANOR KIRK.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

WORK while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way to be
Cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might ;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless,
Trifled away,
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

TWO LITTLE BEARS.

TWO little cub-bears,
Frisky and strong—
Hair brown and shaggy,
Claws sharp and long!

In the green grass rolling,
 Snapping their jaws ;
 Now standing upright,
 Licking their paws.

Two little cub-bears
 In a child's breast ;
 Fawn-like and gentle,
 Bringing us rest.

Why, how can that be ?
 Not strange you stare ;
 Where was there ever
 A gentle bear ?

Two little cub-bears
 In a child's breast.
 Called bear and forbear !
 They bring us rest.— *Our Little Ones*

WON'T AND WILL.

SHA'N'T and Won't were two little
 Angry, and sullen, and gruff ;
 Try and Will are dear little sisters,
 One can scarcely love them enough.

Sha'n't and Won't looked down on their noses,
 Their faces were dismal to see ;
 Try and Will are brighter than roses
 In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Sha'n't and Won't are backward and stupid,
 Little, indeed, did they know ;
 Try and Will learn something new daily,
 And seldom are heedless or slow.

Sha'n't and Won't loved nothing, no, nothing,
 So much as to have their own way ;
 Try and Will give up to their elders,
 And try to please others at play.

Sha'n't and Won't came to terrible trouble :
 Their story is awful to tell ;
 Try and Will are in the schoolroom,
 Learning to read and spell.

VALEDICTORY.

THE golden glow of a summer's day
 Rests over the verdant hills,
 And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
 On fields and laughing rills ;
 But ere its last beam fades away
 Beyond the mountains high,
 Our lips must bravely, sadly say
 The parting words, " Good-bye."

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
 Our gratitude is yours
 For all your care and sympathy,
 Which changelessly endures.
 We'll try to use the present hours
 So they will bring no sigh,
 When to our happy days of school
 We say our last " Good-bye."

Dear teacher, we shall ne'er forget
The lessons you have taught :
We trust the future may perfect
The work your hands have wrought ;
And may they bring good gifts to you,
These years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those
Who bid you now " Good-bye."

" Good-bye!" it shall not be farewell,—
We hope again to meet ;
But happy hours are ever short,
And days of youth are fleet.
There's much to learn, and much to do ;
Oh, may our aims be high,
And ever lead toward that bright land,
Where none shall say, " Good-bye."

A. F. SHOALS.

TEMPERANCE RECITATIONS.

THE SONG OF THE CORN.

I WAS made to be eaten,
And not to be drank ;
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing,
When put in a mill,
At a blight and a curse,
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed ;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule ;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning—
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten, to strengthen,
If drunk, to destroy.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DECLARATION.

WHO'LL make the brandy-peaches,
Or brandy-flavored pie,
And help the liquor traffic?
Surely not I, not I.

Who wants in time of sickness
A little ale to try,
Or beer or wine to poison
And make her worse? Not I.

Who likes a boy that tipples
A little on the sly,
Or smokes cigars in private?
Not I, surely not I.

And when we girls are women
(We shall be by and by),
Who'll have a drinking husband?
Some silly girl; not I.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

CHILDREN, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm,
It will surely lead to harm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!

Do you know what causeth woe
 Bitter as the heart can know ?
 'Tis that self-same ruby wine
 Which would tempt that soul of thine.

Children, hate it !

Touch it never !

Fight it ever !

Never let it pass your lips ;
 Never even let the tips
 Of your fingers touch the bowl ;
 Hate it from your inmost soul.

Truly hate it !

Touch it never !

Fight it ever !

Fight it ! With God's help stand fast,
 Long as life or breath shall last,
 Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,—
 Hurl the demon from our land.

Oh, then hate it !

Touch it never !

Fight it ever !

LITTLE DROPS.

LITTLE drops of claret,
 Now and then at first,
 Form an awful habit
 And a dreadful thirst.

Little drinks of lager,
 Little cups of ale,
 Make the biggest guzzler—
 Never knew it fail.

Little kegs of whisky,
Often brought from town,
Make a man a monkey
Or a silly clown.

Little drops of brandy,
Little drops of rye
Make the mighty toper
And the watery eye.

PITCHER OR JUG.

THEY toiled together side by side,
In the field where the corn was growing ;
They paused awhile to quench their thirst,
Grown weary with the hoeing.

“ I fear, my friend,” I said to one,
“ That you will ne’er be richer ;
You drink, I see, from the little brown jug,
Whilst your friend drinks from the pitcher.

“ One is filled with alcohol,
The fiery drink from the still ;
The other with water clear and cool
From the spring at the foot of the hill.

“ In all of life’s best gifts, my friend,
I fear you will ne’er be richer,
Unless you leave the little brown jug,
And drink, like your friend, from the pitcher.”

My words have proved a prophecy,
For years have passed away ;
How do you think have fared our friends,
That toiled in the fields that day ?

One is a reeling, drunken sot,
 Grown poorer instead of richer ;
 The other has won both wealth and fame,
 And he always drank from the pitcher.

M. P. CHICK.

WHY, AND BECAUSE.

[One asks and four answer.]

WINE that is beautiful, wine that is red,
 Why must I shun it, with fear and dread ?

Because,—“ At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”—[Prov. xxiii, 32.

Why, when it moveth itself aright,
 Must not I look at the tempting sight ?

Because,—“ Wine is a mocker.”—[Prov. xx, 1.

Why shall we stand, though it rage and mock,
 As straight as a line and firm as a rock ?

Because,—“ We will drink no wine.”—[Jere. xxxv, 6.

And though we should meet its serpent charm,
 Why are we sure we shall take no harm ?

Because,—We will “ Touch not, taste not, handle not.”—[Col. ii, 21.

But if it should tempt us our pledge to break,
 Why are we sure the safe course to take ?

Because,—“ We will look not upon the wine.”—
 [Prov. xxiii, 30.

Then why is it best from the wine to haste,
 Lest we might touch, or handle, or taste ?

Because,—“ Woe unto them that follow strong drink.”
 --[Isa. v, 2.

Because,—We will “Be not among wine-bibbers.”
[Prov. xxiii, 20.

Because—We will “Abstain from every appearance of evil.”—[I Thess. v 22.

THE DRAGON.

IN olden times when a flood or an earthquake, or any other great disaster came, destroying human life and property, it was thought to be the work of a great dragon. Many stories are told about heroes who went out and killed those dragons, and thus saved the lives of their countrymen; in fact, great books have been written about such men. Now, there is a dragon in the world to-day that is destroying thousands of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property every year. He seizes bright, handsome boys and changes them into the sallow, shrunken loafers that lounge about the streets and saloons with their mouths full of tobacco juice and vile oaths. He changes the prosperous young man into the ragged, filthy drunkard, the kind husband and father into the brute who beats his wife and children to death. He takes away from men their hard-earned money, and leaves their wives and children to starve. He causes them to commit all manner of crimes. There is no end to the terrible deeds of this Dragon. All over the world people are praying to be delivered from him. The man who could succeed in killing him would receive the gratitude of the whole world. Quite an army of people have enlisted to fight this Dragon, but have not got the best of him yet; there is not enough of them to kill him yet. Who will enlist to fight this Dragon? It is the Dragon of Strong Drink.

CHRISTMAS RECITATIONS.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

DO you know the olden story
Of the Star that led the way,
When the wise men sought the Infant,
That in Bethlehem's manger lay ?
In the East it shone so brightly,
Then o'er Judah's hillsides steep,
Where the shepherds lay in slumber
By their flocks of quiet sheep.

Have you heard how angel voices
Sang the sweet and solemn strain?—
Glory in the Highest ! Glory !
Peace on earth, good-will to men !

Every year the wond'rous story
Thrills our spirits with delight,
And that Star thro' all the ages
Makes the world's dark pathways bright.
Sinful lives grow purer, better
For the Babe, so meek and mild,
For the children's Infant Saviour,
Who in Bethlehem's manger smiled.

To the parents, to the children
Comes the sweet, angelic strain,—
Glory in the Highest ! Glory !
Peace on earth, good-will to men !

MRS. F. SPANGENBERG.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
 "God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

LONGFELLOW.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THEY put me in the great spare bed, and there they
 bade me sleep:
 I must not stir; I must not wake; I must not even
 peep!
 Right opposite that lonely bed, my Christmas stocking
 hung.
 While near it, waiting for the morn, my Sunday clothes
 were hung.

I counted softly, to myself, to ten, and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet, and then began
again ;

I repeated that *Fifth-Reader* piece—a poem called
“ Repose,”

And tried a dozen other ways to fall into a dose—
When suddenly the room grew light. I heard a soft,
strong bound,

’Twas Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look
around.

’Twas nice to know that he was there, and things were
going rightly,

And so I took a little nap, and tried to smile politely.

“ Ho ! Merry Christmas ! ” cried a voice ; I felt the bed
a rocking ,

’Twas daylight—Brother Bob was up ! and oh, that
splendid stocking !

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

TWO little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fire-place, broad and wide.

“ Two ? ” said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game.

“ Ho ! ho ! ” said he, with a laugh of fun,

“ I’ll have no cheating, my pretty one ;
I know who dwells in this house, my dear ;
There’s only one little girl lives here.”

So he crept up close to the chimney-place
And measured a sock, with a sober face.

Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird about.
“Aha! what’s this?” said he, in surprise,
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address, in a child’s rough plan,
“Dear Saint Nicholas,” so it began,
“The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She’s a poor little girl, but very good.
So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you’ve not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara’s; I shall not care.”
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
“God bless you, darling,” he said, with a sigh.
Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
A note, like a bird’s when it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth’s portals.
“Hurry up!” said Saint Nick, “and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare.”
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A child’s whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in,
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
“She’ll think it came from the sky, I guess,”
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on

And both little socks were filled and done,
 Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
 And hurried away to the frosty air,
 Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
 Who pities them, too, on this night so wild!"
 The wind caught the words and bore them on high
 Till they died away in the midnight sky,
 While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
 Bringing "peace and good-will" with him everywhere
 SARA KEABLES HUNT.

MOTION RECITATIONS.

THIS WAY.

WHEN the corn begins to sprout,
 Two little leaves come peeping out.¹

When the leaves are fresh and green,
 A slender stalk shoots up between.²

While the stalk keeps on to grow,
 The tiny ears begin to show.³

When the ears are long and thin,
 The pretty silk begins to spin.⁴

When the pretty silk is spun,
 It turns the color of the sun.⁵

When the summer sun is gone,
 'Tis time to gather in the corn.⁶

(1) Put the fists together with the thumbs standing up. (2) Raise one fore-finger. (3) Raise two fore-fingers. (4) Raise right hand and shake the fingers. (5) Point to the sun. (6) Reach both arms out and slowly fold them, as over the gathered corn.

'TIS SPRING-TIME.

Motion Song.

TIS spring-time, bright spring-time! All nature is
gay,

For winds cold and piercing have all passed away ;¹
And now the bright sunshine gives warmth to the air,
And changes delightful are seen ev'rywhere.

Hip, hurrah ! hip, hurrah !²

The farmer with keen plow is tilling the ground,³
Then seeds with his hands he will scatter around :⁴
The little birds build their warm nests in the trees,⁵
And twitter and chirp as they fly in the breeze.⁶

Hip, hurrah ! hip, hurrah !²

The buds on the hedge-rows all open out so,⁷
And gay-colored blossoms begin now to grow ;
The daisies, and cowslips, and primroses sweet,
We make into bouquets, so pretty and neat.⁸

Hip, hurrah ! hip, hurrah !²

The call of the blue-bird so joyous doth rise,
As cheerful and happy now onward he flies :⁹
The lambkins are skipping and running with glee—
A pleasing example to you and to me.

Hip, hurrah ! hip, hurrah !²

R. P. GRAHAM.

(1) **R**ot hands briskly together, then gradually extend them right and left respectively. (2) **W**ave right hand twice. (3) **E**xtend arms to the front, fists closed. (4) **I**mitate sowing of seed. (5) **P**oint to the right or left. (6) **H**ands raised to level of head, fingers in rapid motion. (7) **H**ands partly extended to front, palms facing upward, tips of fingers and thumbs together at first, then expanded. (8) **I**mitate the act of smelling flowers. (9) **P**oint with extended finger.

PLAYING CARPENTER.

¹RAP! ¹rap! ¹rap! how the shingles ²clap!
³Here a beam, and ⁴there a timber,
⁵Then a ⁵board so ⁵long and ⁵limber;
 How the laths shall ²snap! how the hammers rap!¹

¹Nail, boys, ¹nail! never mind the ²gale!
³Sunny days, or windy ⁴weather,
⁵Cheerful ⁵labor all ⁵together;
 Soon our house we'll ²hail! briskly ¹nail, ¹boys, ¹nail!

⁶Rest, now, rest; what a cozy nest!
³All well done from floor to gable,
⁴Mimic shelf and kitchen table;
⁶Now sit down and rest; all have done their best.

(1) Rap with finger ends on desk. (2) Clap once. (3) Right hand toward the right. (4) Left hand to the left. (5) Both hands wave up and down. (6) Fold hands.

CONCERT RECITATIONS, ETC.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

An American Flag should be placed either in one of the pupil's hands or in some conspicuous part of the room, where the pupils may allude to it.

Pupil.—

THIS is our Flag, and may it wave
Wide over land and sea !
Though others love a different flag,
This is the flag for me.

All.—And that's the flag for all our land,
We will revere no other,
And he who loves the symbol fair,
Shall be to us a brother.

Pupil.—

America's the land we love,
Our broad, fair land so free,
And, schoolmates, whereso'er I go,
This is the flag for me.

All repeat second verse.

Pupil.—

These glorious stars and radiant stripes,
With youthful joy I see ;
May no rude hand its beauty mar,
This is the flag for me.

All repeat second verse.

OUR DELIGHT.

[A recitation for six children.]

First.—UPON her head the snow-hills,
Her feet on southern sand,
The sunrise and the sunset
Glowing on either hand.

All in concert.—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

Second.—The old-time races builded
Their mounds, and passed away ;
The red man through the forest
Chases no more his prey.

All in concert.—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

Third.—We wrap our land in emerald,—
The broad leaves of the corn,—
With church spires for her jewels,
Her beauty we adorn.

All in concert.—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

Fourth.—Strong Mother England dowered
Her daughter with a soul
As mighty as the mountains,
As steadfast as the pole.

All in concert.—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

Fifth.—We'll weave white robes of goodness,
Our country's garb to be,
With Temperance and uprightness
For golden broidery.

All in concert.—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

Sixth.—Till, when men praise our country,
Her greatness they'll forget,
And count for all the grandeur
Her goodness higher yet.

All in concert.—

This is our land, our country,
Our pride and our delight.

E. MURRAY.

ORDER.

[Concert recitation for primary class.]

WE have a place for everything,
And everything in time;
A time to work, a time to sing—
Yes, soon our voices chime.

A time to play we ne'er forget;
We love to have it come;
A time to sleep, a time to eat,
They help make up the sum.

I DID IT—NOT, “ I DONE IT.”

We have a place for all our things,
 And all our things in place,—
 A place for hats, and hoops, and strings,
 And one where we may race.

A place for books, and ink, and pen,—
 When study hours are o’er
 We put them up with care, and then
 We’re off to play once more.

But when we hear the tinkling bell,
 Which says that school’s begun,
 We leave the play we love so well,
 And for our places run.

I DID IT—NOT, “ I DONE IT.”

A Little Girl as Teacher.—

IF I should ask who won, to-day,
 The game, when you were at croquet !

First Girl.— I should tell you that I won it ;
 That I did it,—not, “ I done it.”

Teacher.— If I should ask who made the kite
 I saw begun, at home, last night ?

First Boy.— I should tell you I begun it ;
 That I did it,—not, “ I done it.”

Teacher.— If I should ask why Birdie’s hung
 Outside the door, the vines among ?

Second Girl.— I should say I wished to sun it ;
 That I did it,—not, “ I done it.”

Teacher.— If I should ask who spun the top
That went so long and did not stop ?

Second Boy.—I should tell you that I spun it ;
That I did it,—not, “ I done it.”

Teacher.— I’m very glad you’re so correct ;
Such vicious terms our speech infect !
My school I daily try to teach
To shun each vulgar form of speech ,
This worst one,—always shun it !
Say, I did it,—not, I done it.

OUR FLAG.

[For three little children.]

[For July Fourth, or June Fourteenth. the Anniversary of the adoption
of the Flag.]

Little Girl (with a flag).—

TELL me, who can, about our flag,
With its red, and white, and blue ;
How came it to have so many stars,
And of pretty stripes so few ?

Little Boy.—

The thirteen stripes are for thirteen States,
That first into union came,
For each new State we have added a star,
But have kept the stripes the same.

Another Girl.—

The number has now reached thirty-eight ;
So here’s an example for you :
Take the “ old thirteen ” from thirty-eight,
And how many States are new ?

First Boy (going to the board).—

Thirteen from thirty-eight? Let's see:

Well, three from eight leaves five;

And one from three leaves two. There'll be,

Remainder,—twenty-five!

Little Girl.—

And these all reach from east to west,

On both the ocean shores;

And over all this proud flag waves

And the Bird of Freedom soars!

HUMAN BODY LESSON IN RHYME.

[A recitation for four children.]

I.

ALL this is my body,
From my head to my toes;
Made of skin, bone, and muscle,
As every one knows.

At the top is my head,
With its covering of hair,
Which we all will remember
To brush with great care.

Here in front is my face,
Which must always look bright,
For a frown or a pout
Would disfigure it quite.

It has forehead and temples,
Two bright eyes and a nose,
Brown eye-lids and lashes,—
You don't forget those.

My nose has a bridge,
And two nostrils, besides ;
While here are two ears,
Which are placed at the sides.

Right and left are my cheeks,
With a dimple left in ;
See my bright, smiling mouth,
And my wee, little chin !

Now, my mouth has two lips,
As you very well know,
With a little pink tongue,
Pearly teeth in a row.

All I hear and I see,
With my ears and my eyes,
Will help me each day
To grow learned and wise.

My mouth and my nose
Must do their work well ;
For how without those
Could I talk, eat, or smell ?

II.

To the right, to the left.
Now up and now down,
My neck bends my head.
Or lets it turn round.

The largest part here
Is the trunk, as you see,
Which always reminds me
I am built like a tree.

For here are the limbs,
Both upper and lower,
Right and left of each kind,
I would hardly need more.

Then the fingers and toes,
Spreading out like the twigs;
I have ten of each kind,
Tho' they're not very big.

In the trunk, at my left,
Hear my heart pit—pit—pat;
If I'm waking or sleeping
It always does that.

Watch my lungs, how they swell
When I breathe long and deep;
My chest rises and falls
Even when I'm asleep.

III.

Of this wonderful body
Much more I can tell;
My shoulders, my elbows,
My wrist-joints as well,—

These help me to move
And to bend as I please;
Whatever I wish to
I can do with much ease.

Just look at my fingers!
I can move one and all;
How bad would it be
Were I stiff like a doll!

Back to back, palm to palm,
My hands I can lay ;
They are useful to me
In my work, in my play.

IV.

Three parts has each limb,
Arm, fore-arm, and hand ;
Also, thigh, leg, and foot,—
On the latter I stand.

Now the elbow unites
Arm and fore-arm, you see,
While the thigh and the foot
Are joined by the knee.

Just between foot and leg
The ankle is found ;
Both this and the wrist
Are slender and round.

I must not forget
One more fact to tell ;
Besides ankle and knee,
I have hip joints as well.

My foot has an instep,
A broad, spreading sole,
While five toes and a heel
Just make up the whole.

For standing, for walking,
For running with speed,
My feet do the bidding,
And go where I need.

Much more might I tell
 Of this body of mine,
 If I only might take
 A little more time.

But let me remember,
 God meant to me make
 A strong and healthy woman,
 Should I proper care take.

ANNA E. BADLAM.

IRON—SILVER—GOLD.

THE THREE RULES.

[For several little children.]

Question.—WHAT is the Iron Rule ?

Answer.—The rule of savage men :
 If evil is done unto you
 Evil do thou again.
 That is the Iron Rule.

Question.—What is the Silver Rule ?

Answer.—The rule of worldly men :
 If good your neighbor does to you,
 Do good to him again.
 That is the Silver Rule.

Question.—What is the Golden Rule ?

Answer.—The rule of righteous men :
 If evil is done unto you,
 Return thou good again.
 This is the Golden Rule.

KATE'S FRENCH LESSON.

[For two little girls.]

Teacher.— KATE, how shall I say, "Come to me?"

Kate.— You'll bid me, "Kate, *venez ici.*"

Teacher.— And, "If you please," how shall I say?

Kate.— Pleasantly thus, ma'am, "*S'il vous plait.*"

Teacher.— How will you ask me, "How do you do?"

Kate.— I'll say, "*Comment vous portez-vous ?*"

Teacher.— What if I pain or sickness had?

Kate.— You'd tell me, "*Je suis tres malade.*"

Teacher.— If very tired, what should I say?

Kate.— You sigh, "*Je suis tres fatigué !*"

Teacher.— How would you bid "Good-night" to me?

Kate.— I'd kiss you thus, and say, "*Bonne nuit.*"

LITTLE FOXES AND LITTLE HUNTERS.

Recite. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."—SONG OF SOLOMON, II, 15.

First.— A MONG my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-by.

Answer.— Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-away.

Second.— Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.

Answer.— Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can!

Third.— No-use-in-trying—lags and whines
This fox, among my tender vines.

Answer.— Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—I'll-try!

Fourth.— Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox—I-forgot.

Answer.— Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I-will-not-forget-again!

Fifth.— The little fox that, hidden there
Among my vines is—I-don't-care.

Answer.— Then let I'm-sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

The Five.— What mischief-making foxes! yet
Among our vines they often get.

In concert.—But, now their hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and keep them so.

CHOICE OF TRADES.

[A recitation for little boys.]

First Boy.—

WHEN I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a farmer, if I can—and I can!
I'll plow the ground, and the seed I'll sow;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,
And pitch it up on the mow away,
When I'm a man.

Second Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a carpenter, if I can—and I can !
I'll plane like this, and I'll hammer so,
And this is the way my saw shall go.
I'll make bird-houses, and sleds and boats,
And a ship that shall race every craft that floats.
When I'm a man.

Third Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
A blacksmith I'll be, if I can—and I can !
Clang, clang, clang, shall my anvil ring,
And this is the way the blows I'll swing.
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight,
Then I'll trot round the square to see if it's right.
When I'm a man.

Fourth Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
A mason I'll be, if I can—and I can !
I'll lay a brick this way, and lay one that,
Then take my trowel and smooth them flat ;
Great chimneys I'll make ; I think I'll be able
To build one as high as the Tower of Babel,
When I'm a man.

Fifth Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a shoemaker, if I can—and I can !
I'll sit on a bench, with my last held so,
And in and out shall my needles go.
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear,
Till nothing is left but my stitches there,
When I'm a man.

Sixth Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
A doctor I'll be, if I can—and I can !
My powders and pills shall be nice and sweet,
And you shall have just what you like to eat ;
I'll prescribe for you riding, and sailing, and such ;
And, 'bove all things, you must never study too much
When I'm a man.

Seventh Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a minister, if I can—and I can !
And once in a while a sermon I'll make
That will keep little boys and girls awake ;
For ah, dear me ! if the ministers knew
How glad we are when they get through !—
When I'm a man.

Eighth Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
A teacher I'll be, if I can—and I can !
I'll sing to my scholars, fine stories I'll tell ;
I'll show them pictures, and, well—oh ! well,
They shall have some lessons—I s'pose they ought ;
But, oh, I shall make them so very short,
When I'm a man.

Ninth Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a school-committee, if I can—and I can !
'Bout once a week I'll come into school,
And say, " Miss Teacher, I've made a rule
That boys and girls need a good deal of play ;
You may give these children a holiday !"—
When I'm a man.

Tenth Boy.—

When I'm a man, a man,
 I'll be a president, if I can—and I can !
 My uncles and aunts are a jolly set,
 And I'll have them all in my cabinet,
 I shall live in the White House ; and I hope you all,
 When you hear I'm elected will give me a call,
 When I'm a man.

All in concert.—

When we are men, are men,
 I hope we shall do great things ; and then,
 Whatever we do, this thing we say,
 We'll do our work in the very best way
 And you shall see, if you know us then,
 We'll be good, and honest, and useful men—
 When we are men

 GOING TO SCHOOL.

[For four little children.]

First Two.—

LITTLE folks, little folks, where are you straying,
 Smiling so happy, and dressed neat and fair ?

Second Two.—

Oh ! don't you hear what the school-bells are saying ?
 "Come to school ! come to school !" We're going there.

First Two.—

Little folks, little folks, why don't you gather
 Daisies and buttercups bright by the way ?

Second Two.—

Oh ! the time hastens, and we would much rather
 Be there in season than loitering stay.

First Two —

Little folks, little folks, what are you bringing,
Holding so careful, and keeping so neat ?

Second Two.—

These are the books for our lessons and singing.
Pleasant the tasks, and the tunes bright and sweet.

First Two.—

Little folks, little folks, say, can another
Join you, and learn all the things that you know ?

Second Two.—

Oh, yes ; come with us, like sister and brother,
We shall be glad if to school you will go.

First Two.—

Little folks, little folks, say, will your teachers
Willingly let us the lessons begin ?

Second Two.—

See, here they are, and the smile on their features
Says, “ Dear new scholars, we welcome you in !”

 ONLY A CHICKEN.

After the manner of the house that Jack built.

[A recitation for eight little girls.]

First Little Girl.—

A WONDERFUL story I will tell :
A chicken crept from a broken shell,
And, standing on its tiny feet,
It peeped and peeped for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Second Little Girl.—

But out of a dark hole popped the head
Of an old gray rat with a cautious tread.
He stole along where the grass was thick
And quietly pounced on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning

Third Little Girl.—

Then out of the doorway leaped a cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat
That out of a dark hole popped his head,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning

Fourth Little Girl.—

Around the corner there fiercely flew
A savage dog, of a yellow hue,
That fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
That out of a dark hole popped his head,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quietly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Fifth Little Girl.—

But a naughty boy with a wicked sling
Of a crotched stick and a rubber string,
Looked over the fence with a mean intent,
And a smooth round pebble swiftly sent,
That struck the dog of a yellow hue,
That round the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
That out of a dark hole popped his head,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quietly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—

On a beautiful summer morning.

Sixth Little Girl.—

Next came a man on the double quick
Who beat the boy with a blackthorn stick,
For hunting his dog of a yellow hue,
That round the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
That out of a dark hole popped his head,
That crept along with a cautious tread
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—

On a beautiful summer morning.

Seventh Little Girl.—

The tumult caught the watchful eye

Of a tall policeman passing by,
Who, walking up with a pompous tread,
Arrested and nearly broke the head
Of the man who came on the double quick
To beat the boy with the blackthorn stick,
For hurting the dog of a yellow hue,
That around the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat
That out of a dark hole popped his head,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Eighth Little Girl.—

In a court of justice sternly sat
The portly judge, in a white cravat,
Who told the sheriff, for lack of bail,
To put the man in the county jail,
Who came in sight on the double quick
To beat the boy with the blackthorn stick,
For hurting the dog of yellow hue,
That round the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
That out of a dark hole popped his head,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick.

That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

All Together.—

The greatest evil often springs
From the ill effects of the smallest things ;
And all this evil on many fell
Through a little chick from a broken shell,
On a beautiful summer morning.
EUGENIE J. HALL.

RECITATION FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS

I.

AS I walked over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother sheep say,
“ In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet ;
With his eyes so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart’s delight !”
And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun ;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

II.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft : said she,

“ My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly ;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night,
Now, I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove.
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies snug on my arm.

III.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about, with her chickens ten ;
She clucked and she scratched, and she hustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say ?
I heard her say, “ The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you
please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come nestle now cosily under my wings.”
So the hen said, and the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

MRS. J. MORRISON.

SONG OF THE WATERS.

[A recitation for a number of children.]

Child.—

SUN, bright sun, what dost thou here,
 Linger over the waters clear,
 Shooting thy rays o'er the ocean bright,
 Till every wave is a starry height?

Sun.—

I am changing the wave to a vapor rare,
 At the touch of my power it rises in air,
 Then, rushing along, to the clouds gives birth,
 For I am the chemist of all the earth.

Child.—

Clouds, dark clouds, by the fierce wind's might,
 Driven along like an arrow's flight,
 What do ye in the distance scan,
 What is your message from god to man?

Clouds.—

We have heard the cry of the thirsty soil,
 We have come to the help of the sons of toil.
 The parched-up earth shall freshen again,
 For we bear in our bosom the blessed rain.

Child.—

Rain, clear rain, with your sparkling wealth,
 Filling the nations with joy and health,
 Your drops are scattered o'er land and main,
 But where is the treasury of the rain?

Rain.—

We have bathed the heights of the mountain's brow,
We have trickled down through the rocks below,
And there, in the coolness that darkness brings,
We have cradled the drops of the babbling springs

Child.—

Springs, bright springs, as your drops o'erflow,
What bright path do your waters show ?
Where do you wander, and what is your guide
To choose your path as you onward glide ?

Springs.—

We never can err in the path we make,
For the slope of the land is the guide we take ;
Wherever it points, we follow the way,
For the earth's gravitation the streams obey.

Child.—

Rivers, broad rivers, that swell as you glide,
With tributues of waters on every side,
Till you bear the proud vessels that whiten your crest
Say, what is your mission, and where do you rest ?

Rivers.—

We are floating the treasures of golden ore,
We are bringing the bread to the hungry poor.
Soon in the broad ocean our rest shall be,
For " All the rivers run into the sea."

All in concert.—

" All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is
not full; into the place from whence the rivers came,
thither shall they return again."

GOOD-BYE.

Have a board, covered with white cloth, and ornamented with evergreens and gilt stars. Have seven nails in it, to receive evergreen letters in form of an arch. Have this supported by two sticks, with cross-pieces at the bottom, so the frame will stand securely. These sticks may be also ornamented with evergreens. Each, of seven little girls repeats her line, and then hangs on the letter with which the line begins.

1st Girl.—Gayly have we passed the time.

2d Girl.—On our little stage this eve,

3d Girl.—Only hoping we have pleased.

4th Girl.—Do we take our leave.

5th Girl.—By your presence here to-night

6th Girl.—You have kept our courage bright,

7th Girl.—Each one thanks you with delight,

All.—Good-bye.

E. O. PECK.

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